## WORD OF THE LORD

The Rev. Talmage Preaches a Sermon

TO A LONDON CONGREGATION

Showing the Necessity of Bright and Plous Lives in This World of Care and Sorrow.

Lospon, July 10:-Dr. Talmage is spending a very busy season in England. Not only in the London churches, but in the provinces enormous crowds have gathered to hear the eloquent American reacher. The great Shoreditch Taber-acie in the cast of London, where Rev. W. Caff presence, was thronged almost to sufficient on, and the large Congrega-tional church in the Hackney district could not hold half the people who tried to get into it, though it was on a Mon-day evening that Dr. Talmage preached there. Outside London the eagerness to

there. Outside London the eagerness to hear him has been quite as intense. In Liverpool, Manchester, Notting-ham, Crewe and Hanley no church could be found large enough to accom-modate the audiences, and Dr. Talmage presched in the balls in which the great tolitical conventions are held and the political conventions are held, and the capacity of these was tested to the ut-most. Since his arrival he has preached seven times each week. The sermon se-lected for publication this week is from the text, Revelation vii, 9, 10, "After this I beheld, and lot a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, giothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the

It is impossible to come in contact with anything grand or beautiful in art, nature or religion without being profited and elevated. We go into the art gallery and our soul meets the soul of the painter, and we hear the hum of his forests and the clash of his conflicts and see the cloud blossoming of the sky and the foam blossoming of the ocean, and we come out from the gallery better en than when we went in. We go into the concert of music and are lifted into enchantment; for days after our soul seems to rock with a very tumult of joy, as the sea, after a long stress of weather, rolls and rocks and surges a great while before it comes back to its

ordinary calm. On the same principle it is profitable to think of heaven, and look off upon that landscape of joy and light which St. John depicts—the rivers of gladness, the trees of life, the thrones of power, the comminglings of everlasting love. I wish this morning that I could bring heaven from the list of intangibles and make it seem to you as it really is—the great fact in all history, the depot of all ages, the parior of God's universe.

THE HEAVENLY CONGREGATION. This account in my text gives a pic-ture of heaven as it is on a holiday. Now if a man came to New York for the first time on the day that Kossuth arrived from Hungary, and he saw the arches lifted, and the flowers flung in the streets, and he heard the guns booming, he would have been very foolish to suppose that that was the ordinary apearance of the city. While heaven is always grand and always beautiful, I think my text speaks of a gala day in

It is a time of great celebration-per haps of the birth or the resurrection of lesus, perhaps of the downfall of some despotism, perhaps because of the rushing in of the millennium. I know not what, but it does seem to me in reading this passage as if it were a holiday in heaven: "After this I beheld, and lo! a great multitude which no man could imber, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, saying. Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

I shall speak to you of the glorified in heaven-their number, their antecedents, their dress, their symbols and their song. But how shall I begin by telling you of the numbers of those in heaven? I have seen a curious estimate by an ingenious man who calculates how long the world was going to last, and how many people there are in each generation, and then sums up the whole matter, and says he thinks there will be twenty-seven trillions of souls in glory. I have no faith in his estimate, I simply take the plain announcement of the ext-it is "a great multitude, which no

Every few years in this country we take a census of the population, and it is very easy to tell how many people there are in a city or a nation; but who shall give the census of the great nation of the saved? It is quite easy to tell how many people there are in different deations of Christians-how many aptists and Methodists and Episcopa-ans and Presbyterians; of all the de-

Suppose they were gathered in one at audience room, how overwhelmng the spectacle! But it would give no bles of the great audience from of wen-the multitudes that how down and that lift up their hosannas. Why they come from all the chapels, from all cathedrals, from all sects, from all ges. They who prayed in splendid turgy, and those who in broken senuttered the wish of broken bearts om Grace church and Sailors' Bethel from under the shapeless rafters and from under high turing arch—"a great multitude that no man can number."

One of the most impossive things I

upon a hillside you see forty thousand or fifty thousand men pass along. You can hardly imagine the impression if you have not actually felt it. But you may take all the armies that the earth has ever seen—the legions under Sennacherib and Cyrus and Caeaz, Xerxes and Alexander and Napoleon, and all our modern forces and put them in one great array, and then on some swift steed you may ride along the line and review the troops; and that accumu-lated host from all ages seems like a

half formed regiment compared with the great array of the redeemed. I stood one day at Williamsport, and saw on the opposite side of the Potomso the forces coming down, regiment after regiment, and brigade after brigade. It semed as though there was no end to the procession. But now let me take the field glass of St. John and look off upon the hosts of heaven-thousands upon thousands, ten thousand times ten thousand, one hundred and forty and four thousand, and thousands of thou-sands, until I put down the field glass and say, "I cannot estimate it-a great multitude that no man can number.

You may tax your imagination and torture your ingenuity and break down your powers of calculation in attempt-ing to express the multitudes of the relessed from earth and the enraptured of heaven, and talk of hundreds of hun-dreds of hundreds, of thousands of thousands of thousands, of millions of millions of millions, until your head aches and your heart faints, and exhausted and overburdened you exclaim, "I can-not count them-a great multitude that

But my subject advances, and tells you of their antecedents, "of all nations and kindreds and tongues." Some of them spoke Scotch, Irish, German, English, Italian, Spanish, Tamil, Choctaw, Burmese. After men have been long in the land you can tell by their accentua-tion from what nationality they came, and I suppose in the great throng around the throne it will not be difficult to tell from what part of the earth they came. GATHERED OUT OF ALL NATIONS.

These reaped Sicilian wheat fields and those picked cotton from the pods. These under blistering skies gathered tamarinds and yams. Those crossed the desert on camels, and those glanced over the snow, drawn by Siberian dogs, and these milked the goats far up on the Swiss crags. These fought the walrus and white bear in regions of everlasting snow, and those heard the song of flery winged birds in African thickets. They were white. They were black. They were red. They were cop-per color. From all lands, from all ages. They were plunged into Austrian dun-

They were plunged into Austrian dun-geons. They passed through Spanish inquisitions. They were confined in London Tower. They fought with beasts in the amphitheater. They were Moravians. They were Waldenses. They were Albigenses. They were Scotch Covenanters. They were Sand-wich Islanders.

In this world men prefer different kinds of government. The United States want a republic. The British government needs to be a constitutional mon-archy. Austria wants absolutism. But when they come up from earth from different nationalities they will prefer over it. And if that monarchy were disbanded and it were submitted to all the hosts of heaven who should rule, then by the unanimous suffrages of all the redeemed Christ would become the president of the whole universe. Magna Chartae, bills of right, houses of burgesses, trium viruses, congresses, parliaments—nothing in the presence of Christ's scepter swaying over all the people who have entered upon that great glory. Oh! can you imagine it? What a strange commingling of tastes, of his-tories, of nationalities, "of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues." My subject advances, and tells you of

the dress of those in heaven. The object of dress in this world is not only to veil the body, but to adorn it. The God who dresses up the spring morning with blue ribbon of sky around the brow and earrings of dewdrops hung from tree branch and mantle of crimson cloud flung over the shoulder and the violetted slippers of the grass for her feet-I know that God does not despise beautiful ap-parel. Well, what shall we wear in heaven? "I saw a great multitude clothed in white robes." It is white! In this world we had sometimes to have on working apparel. Bright and lustrous, garments would be ridiculously out of lace sweltering smid forges, or mixing paints, or plastering ceilings, or binding

ing day apparel sometimes, and we care not how coarse it is. It is appropriate; but when all the toil of earth is past and there is no more drudgery and no more weariness, we shall stand before the throne robed in white. On earth we sometimes had to wear mourning apparel-black scarf for the arm, black veil for the face, black gloves for the hands, black band for the hat. Abranam mourning for Sarah; Isaac mourning for Rebecca; Rachel mourning for her children; David mourning for Absalom; Mary mourning for Lazarus. Every second of every minute of every hour of every day a heart breaks.

THE RESURBECTION. The earth from sone to sone and from pole to pole is cleft with sepulchral rent, and the earth can easily afford to bloom moldering life. Graves! graves! graves But when these bereavements have all passed, and there are no more graves to dig, and no more coffins to make, and no more sorrow to suffer, we shall pull off this mourning and be robed in white. I see a soul going right up from all this scene of an and trouble into glory. I seem to bear him say:

THE ARMY OF THE RED SIMED When Christ my Lord shall gather His kingsom to inherit-

I hear my Saviour calling:

The angel guards are ready To guide me to our home. When Christ our Lord shall gather All his redeemed again, His kingdom to inherit— Good night till then

My subject advances, and tells you of the symbols they carry. If my text had represented the good in heaven as carrying cypress branches, that would have meant sorrow. If my text had represented the good in heaven as carrying nightshade, that would have meant sin But it is a palm branch they carry, and that is victory. When the people came ome from war in olden times the conqueror rode at the head of his troops, and there were triumphal arches, and the people would come out with branches of the palm tree and wave them all along the host. What a significant type this of the greeting and of the joy of the redeemed in heaven! On earth they were condemned, and were put out of polite circles. They had infamous hands strike them on both cheeks. Infernal spite spat in their faces. Their back sched with sorrow.

Their brow reeked with unalleviated toil. How weary they were! Sometimes they broke the heart of the midnight in the midst of all their anguish, crying ont, "O God!" But hark now to the shout of the delivered captives, as they lift their arms from the shackles and they cry out, "Free! free!" They look back upon all the trials through which they have passed, the battles they have lought, the burdens they carried, the misrepresentations they suffered, and ecause they are delivered from all these they stand before God waving their palms. They come to the feet of Christ, and they look up into his face, and they remember his sorrows, and they remember his pain, and they remember his groans, and they say: "Why, I was saved by that Christ. He pardoned my sins, he soothed my sorrows," and stand-ing there they shall be exultant, waving their palms.

NO MORE TOIL OR SORROW.

That hand once held the implement of toil or wielded the sword of war, but row it plucks down branches from the tree of life as they stand before the throne waving their palms. Once he was a pilgrim on earth; he crunched the hard crusts—he walked the weary way; but it is all gone now; the sin gone, the weariness gone, the sickness gone, the sorrow gone. As Christ stands up before the great array of the saved and recounts his victories it will be like the rocking and tossing of a forest in a tempest, as all the redeemed rise up, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, waving their palms.

My subject makes another advancement, and speaks of the song they sing. Dr. Dick, in a very learned work, says that among other things in heaven he thinks they will give a great deal of time to the study of crithmetic and the higher branches of mathematics. I do not believe it. It would upset my idea of heaven if I thought so; I never liked mathematics; and I would rather take the representation of my text, which describes the occupation of heaven as being joyful psalmody. "They cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation unto our God." In this world we have secular songs, nursery songs, boatmen's songs, harvest songs, sentimental songs; but in heaven we will have taste for only one song, and that will be the song of salvation from an eternal death to an eternal heaven through the blood of the Lamb that was slain.

I see a soul coming up to join the redeemed in heaven. As it goes through the gates the old friends of that spirit come around it and say, "What shall we sing?" and the newly arrived soul says, "Sing salvation;" and after awhile an earthly despotism falls and a scepter of iniquity is snapped, and churches are built where once there were superstitious mosques, and angel cries to angel, "Let us sing," and the answer is, "What shall we sing?" and another voice says, "Let us sing salvation." And after awhile all the church on earth will rush into the outspread arms of the church of heaven, and while the righteous are ascending and the world is burning and all things are being wound up, the ques-tion will be asked, "What shall we sing?" and there will be a voice "like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings," that will respond, "Sing salvation."

In this world we have plaintive songs -songs tremulous with sorrow, songs dirgeful for the dead; but in heaven there will be no sighing of winds, no wailing of anguish, no weeping symphony. The tamest song will be haleluish-the dullest tune a triumphal march. Joy among the cherubim! Joy among the seraphim! Joy among the ransomed! Joy forever!

On earth the music in churches is often poor, because there is no interest in it or because there is no harmony Some would not sing, some could not sing, some sang too high, some sang too low, some sang by fits and starts, but in the great audience of the redeemed on high all voices will be accordant, and the man who on earth could not tell a plantation melody from the "Dead March in Saul" will lift an anthem that the Mendelssohns and Beethovens and the Schumanns of earth never imagined, and you may stand through all eternity and listen and there will not be one discord in that great anthem that forever rolls up against the great heart of God. It will not be a solo, it will not be a duet, it will not be a quintet, but an in-numerable host before the throne, crying, "Salvation unto one God and unto the Lamb." They crowd all the templea, they bend over the battlements, they fill all the heights and depths and lengths and breadths of heaven with their hosannas.

THE DIVINE GLORY.

When people were taken into the Temple of Diana it was such a brilliant room that they were always put on their guard. Some people had lost their sight by just looking on the brilliancy of that room, and so the janitor when he brought a stranger to the door and let him in would always charge him, "Take heed

of your eyes."
Oh! when I think of the song that goes up around the throne of God, so just-iant, many voiced, multitudinous, I feel like saying, "Take heed of your sars." It is so loud a song. It is so blessed an enthem. They sing a rock song, saying. "Who is he that sheltered us in the willand?" And the chorus comes in, "Christ They sing a ster owng, saying, "Who

is he that guined us through the thick night, and when all other lights went out arose in the sky the morning star, pouring light on the soul's darkness" And the chorus will come in, "Christ, the morning star, skining on the soul's darkness." They will sing a flower song, mying, "Who is he that brightened all our way, and breathed sweetness upon our soul, and bloomed through frost and tempest?" And the chorus will come in, Christ, the lily of the valley, blooming through frost and tempest." They sing a water song, saying, "Who is he that gleamed to us from the frowning crag, and lightened the darkest ravine of trouble, and brought cooling to the emples and refreshment to the lip, and was a fountain in the midst of the willerness?" and then the chorus will come in, "Christ, the fountain in the midst of

wilderness."
My friends, will you join that anthem? Shall we make rehearsal this morning? If we cannot sing that song on earth we will not be able to sing it in heaven. Yan it be that our good friends in that land will walk all through that great throng of which I speak looking for us and not finding us. Will they come down to the gate and ask if we have passed through, and not find us reported as having come? Will they look through the folios of eteroni light and find our names unrecorded? Is all this a repre-sentation of a land we shall never see, of a song we shall never sing?

Antidote for Mercarial Poisoning. Employees in certain departments of incandescent lamp factories, and in other industries in which mercury is extensively employed, will rejoice in the discovery of an effective antidote for mercury poisoning. Mercury and its compounds are universally known to ave a most injurious influence on the human system, and the shake, the shortness of breath, the sickening pallor, the listlessness and semistupefaction of operators who are daily subjected to its fumes are sadly familiar to those connected with the pumprooms of lamp factories. Much has been done to improve the health of the workmen by means of ventilation and improved ma chinery and pumps, but still the evil exists to a scrious extent. Slight cases are usually and quickly cured by change of air or of work, but if not taken in time the trouble may end fatally. It is not always, however, that a workman can afford to take change of air or turn his hand to a new employment, and here the new remedy comes in. Some four years ago one of the part-

ners in a large Parisian incande lamp manufacturing firm became salivated while experimenting with mer-cury pumps, and he cured himself completely by means of small doses of iodide of potassium dissolved in milk. He next administered similar doses to some workmen in his lamp factory, who were suffering from mercury poisoning, and they quickly and completely recovered. In his present factory, into which he moved a year ago, there has not been a single case of salivation, and this exemption is attributed to the fact that doses of the jodide have been continuously administered to the workmen. Men from other factories have been taken on who on entering exhibited the ing, and who recovered forthwith. The daily dose supplied by the firm to each man is .25 gram of the crystallized salt, dissolved in about 400 cubic centimeters of milk .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What a Tarpon Can Do.

As the steamtug Mollie Mohr was coming up the river from the jetties she ran through a school of tarpon about half a mile below the city. Three of these huge fish leaped clear across the tug's forward deck, one of them narrowly missing Tom Ross' head; the second struck the cabin, near where Captain Marshall and a fireman were standing, and made a dent as large as a man's fist in the hard wood. The third struck and bent an iron drift bolt half an inch in diameter, and glancing off hit William Schunfield between the shoulders, knocking him senseless; in fact, it was thought for a time he had been killed. and it will be some time before he will be able to resume work. Captain Marshall says the river for a considerable distance was alive with these silver kings, leaping around as if all the tarpon family had concluded to celebrate nineteen feet of water on the Brazos bar.-Houston Post.

Books in Raised Type for the Blind. Last year alone the British and Foreign Blind association embossed 8,500

books in English, French, German. Latin, Greek and other languages for the use of blind readers. About 250 seeing volunteers are, we are informed, ngaged in writing out the first copies of books in Braille for this association, and seventy paid blind writers are employed in making copies. Besides these, the association continues to publish its two magazines for the blind, Progress, started by the late Dr. T. R. Armitage in 1881, and Playtime, a magazine in un-contracted Braille for children, which made its first appearance last summer. -London News.

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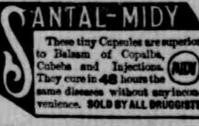
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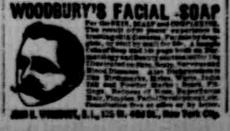


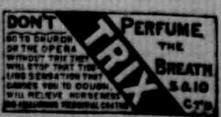
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